

THE JASPER NEWS

JOE C. COMBS, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI.

What does the Kaiser know about good cooking, anyhow? He has no fond memories of the kind mother used to make.

"Man is a plain necessity," says one of the women writers. Oh, well, he wouldn't be so plain if he "fixed up" the way woman does.

Of languages which so widely differ among themselves as to be incomprehensible without particular study the number readily exceeds 1,000.

James Bryce, the new British ambassador to this country, has declined to receive a title. He need not expect to become popular with our heiresses.

A wealthy American girl is going to marry a baseball player. This is certainly an indication that the tastes of the girls have been elevated since the days when they used to pick out dukes and counts.

It has just been discovered that Gashavant G. Pandit, a very wealthy high-caste Hindu and a protege of the Gaekwar of Baroda, is working as a common laborer in an acid factory at Roscoe, N. D. Pandit, though said to be worth millions, works and lives as the other laborers do. Industrial conditions in India are in a deplorable state, he declares, and it is his intention to take part in the task of revolutionizing them in his native land.

Judge Addison, a well-known jurist of London, recently retired, was in the habit of indulging in the oddest observations while trying cases. On one occasion opposing lawyers were wrangling over the question, "When does an egg become stale?" The judge, who had vivid recollections of a close election contest in which he figured, declared that the real test of an egg's staleness was the moment it became fit for use at a contested election.

"At no period, perhaps, has the spirit of reform exerted itself more strenuously than in our own time, but this has been not because we are pessimistic, says the Boston Globe, but because we are distinctly optimistic. The pessimist accomplishes no reforms; he leans back and sneers at those evils which he thinks hopeless of correction. It is the optimist who achieves improvements, because his indignation is fresh and hopes are high.

General Nogi, the Japanese commander who captured Port Arthur, the Russian stronghold, has been seriously hurt by being thrown from his horse. It seems like the irony of fate, after escaping the perils of a great war, to meet with so comparatively commonplace accident. The incident recalls the annoying experience of one of the famous fighters in our own civil war who, having gone through that famous conflict, later lost a leg as the result of a mule kick.

New regulations of the steamboat inspection service restrict the use of sirens and other steam-whistles in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Only fire-boats and government vessels are to be allowed to sound the hair-raising siren. The improved regulations are in considerable measure due to the persistent work of one woman, although she has been assisted by many other vigorous pleaders. We are willing to endure the necessary noises of life, but good health demands that we shall be spared unnecessary shocks to the nervous system through the delicate ear.

A striking appeal to the well-to-do owner of a motor car who exceeds the speed limit was made recently by the police commissioner of Boston. The number of policeman is limited. When they are detailed to watch motor car drivers they are withdrawn from their proper duty of guarding homes and preventing disorder. Business men and professional men rich enough to own motor cars, have property which needs police protection. They sacrifice part of this protection, says Youth's Companion, by keeping some of the police on the watch for their offenses against the road laws.

One group of government employees, at least, must be admitted to do their work at small expense. The engineers of the land office during the last fiscal year surveyed 8,500,000 acres of public land at an average cost of four and one-half cents an acre. Even this is an increase over the expense in previous years, which has been three and one-half and four and one-third cents. The reason is that most of the level, accessible and easily surveyed land has been disposed of. That which has to be surveyed now is mountainous or inaccessible, and consequently the cost is greater.

HIS EYES OPEN

Why There Are No Mail Order Catalogues in One Home.

FARMER WILLIAMS' LESSON

In Time of Adversity He Got to Understand Who Were His Real Friends—Prosperity in Standing Together.

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"What y' got there, Sis?" inquired Farmer Williams, as he kicked off his felt boots and set them carefully behind the stove to dry. "That's what I thought it looked like, one of them there Chicago catylogs, though I hain't seen one clost fer quite a few years back. Me an' your ma ust to buy mighty nigh everything we used out of them catylogs when we first come to Kansas. Land sakes, I have to laugh now sometimes when I think of the way we would git ketched on in awhile. They's some cheap things in them catylogs, an' then agin they's a lot 't ain't so cheap. Y' never kin tell till they come, an' then it's too late to send 'em back. But as I was sayin', we hain't bought nothin' out of a catylog fer a right smart o' years now, an' the way it come about I had as well tell y', cause I don't think y' really remember much about it."

"When we come to Kansas long in the first of the '80's we got along right well. We was able to pay cash fer what we got, and we got the money fer everything we sold. We was payin' out on the place right along; crops was purty good an' we was a feelin' like the Lord was a smilin' on our efforts, and the happy home we dreamed about when we first got married was in sight."

But they come a change in Kansas long in the last half of the '80's. Times got hard and kep a gittin' tighter. Four straight years it was so dry y' had to soak the hogs afore they'd hold swill—though I will say they was some extry reason on account of the swill bein' so thin—wheat jest died in the ground fer want of rain, and the hot winds billed the everlastin' sap out of the corn. They wasn't no pasture, no nothing. You can know we was a feelin' purty blue about that time, but we was young and strong, and thought with the chickens an' hogs we could git through anyway."

"Then one day you got to complainin' and lookin' so thin it worried us. Your ma is a middlin' good doctor, take it all around, but nothing she could think of done you any good. Well, you kep a gittin' pindlier and pindlier, till you got so set y' wouldn't do nothin', but set in a chair by the kitchen stove, wrapped in your ma's old shawl, an' you looked so pitiful that we made up our minds to have the 'doctor, even if it took th' last



"Why Cert'nless, Mr. Williams, Jest Let Us Know What You Want."

chicken on the place. Well, he come, and after he'd looked at you awhile an' felt your pulse, he shet his watch up with a snap, an' says, quiet like: 'Better fix up a warm place fer her in the front room, don't have too much light nor any drafts to strike her. Then we knowed it wain't no small sickness we had to fight, an' when we got you fixed up in bed I follered Doc. out on the porch an' I says: 'Well, Doc,' sez I, 'what's the matter with our little girl?'

"I don't want to skeer ye, Mr. Williams," says he, "but I'm afraid she's in for a siege of typhoid fever."

"Well, after he was gone I went out in the kitchen an' told your ma, but she says, brave as kin be: 'Well, Ezra, if the Lord has seem fit to put that much more on our load we must bear up an' fight it out doin' our duty the best we kin, leavin' the rest to him.' An' I thought so too. So we jest kep our hearts brave an' done what seemed right 't do."

"The hardest thing was to figure out where 't git the medicine, an' fruit, an' dainty things your sickness called for. We hadn't been tradin' much

with the stores in Huston, buyin' mostly from the catylog folks y' know, an' so we didn't have any credit there to speak of. But I went 't Foster, th' druggist, an' I told him how things was. I didn't have no money 't pay fer th' medicine an' things, an' the prospects fer the next year was as poor or poorer than th' last."

"Why cert'nless, Mr. Williams," he says, 'jest let us know what you want an' we'll carry you along till times come better fer you. We're all in a tight pinch now, but if we hang t'gether things is all goin' to come out right in the end. I have faith in th' country, an' in the people that live here, an' nobody's sick baby is a goin' to suffer if I kin help any."

"Well, it was the same thing at Harlow's grocery, an' th' coal yard, everywhere in th' town. 'Cert'nless,



I Sez: Les Burn It.

Mr. Williams, we'll see y' through on this.' It made me feel mean an' small some way, though I don't know why. An' often when they'd put in a few oranges or somethin' like that, sayin' in a 'polagizin' sort of way, 'little somethin' fer th' sick baby, Williams,' why somehow it made a hard lump come up in my throat, an' I had a queer feelin' in my eyes, kinder achy like, y' know."

"Well, to be short about it, fer eight weeks you kep a gittin' weaker an' weaker, an' we kep a feelin' more 'n more hopeless. It was a sad Christmas in our home that year. Your ma was jest wore out with watchin' an' tryin' to do her work between times, an' I was so high sick with trouble an' discouragement 't I ust to go around by the barn an' jest cry like a baby. But I never let on to your ma though, ner she 't me. We tried 't encourage each other though we knowed in our hearts 't all our cheerful words was lies, an' each one knowed the other knowed it too."

"Well, jest th' night before New Years Doc. called us outside your room. Oh, how my heart sunk then! I don't want to hold out any false hopes to you people," he says, 'but I think with proper care from now on, your little girl is goin' 't git well."

Elsie, it seemed jest like a ton of hay had been lifted off my chest right there. As fer your ma, why she jest busted down an' cried as hard as she could. After Doc. was gone we went out to the kitchen an' kneeled down right there an' thanked God fer the most glorious New Year's gift he ever give 't anybody in th' world—the health of our baby girl. You know your pa ain't no ranter er shouter; yer ma bein' a Baptist has furnished most of th' religion fer our house, but jest then I seen how it was that they comes times in people's lives when they've jest got to have somethin' bigger an' greater than anything human 't turn to with a great joy er a great sorrier."

"Well, it was a long time yet before you was strong enough 't play out doors, an' it was a hard winter. I burned every post of the fence afore the south eighty fer firewood afore it was over. But it seemed like we had so much 't be thankful fer that we was strong 't care fer any say of th' smaller troubles that we come acrost."

"It really hain't so bad to look back at it now after th' trouble is over, but them hard years in Kansas drove nearly all our neighbors 't give up their land an' move away, broke in hopes an' pocketbook. Them of us as stayed is purty well fixed now, but we fit fer everything we got, an' fit hard, too. An', O, yes, about th' catylogs. Well after you was well an' things begun 't take a turn fer th' better, one night ma brought out that Chicago book an' laid it on the kitchen table an' says: 'Ezry, what do you want 't do with this?' An' I sez: 'Les burn it.' An' your ma sez: 'Jest what I was thinkin', too.' An' so we did burn it, an' what's more, we ain't never had one in th' house since, an' we never send away fer anything we can git at any of the stores in Huston, 'cause we want to deal with them as has an int'rest in the country we live in, an' in us people that live clost by."

"Why, you needn't of put yours in th' stove, too, Elsie, I didn't mean—yes, I don't know but what it's jest as well y' dose it after all."

QUEEN OF HEARTS No. 2

By IVA ETTA SULLIVAN

The Queen of Hearts at the masquerade sat in the corner. The Jack of Hearts strolled by. He was uncomfortable in his clothes but because his hostess desired it he wore the gaudy costume.

"Why is the queen alone and no one to worship?" he asked lounging over her chair.

"I have been waiting for the king to come," she said pathetically.

"I am sorry," said the man, "but I saw the king sitting on the stairs with the Milkmaid of Paris."

"The old stories say, that they are bewitching creatures and I fear the king will forget that the queen is here," she shrugged her shoulders petulantly.

"If the king was wise, he would not linger there," he said gallantly. She was sure now she recognized the voice.

"Perhaps," ventured the girl, "he has peeped under the mask and stays because she is a queen in disguise."

"That could not be true; the real queen is here talking to the jack, who while not a king is always next the queen," he said with exaggerated tenderness.

"You are not sure," she mocked him, "but what I am only a milkmaid disguised as queen."

"Milkmaid or queen, you are very bewitching. If I could see your face, I would know. You are my queen I am sure, and if the king has gone away, the queen must, by all the rules of the game take the jack." He tried to push the mask back from under her face, but she held it tightly.

"You are not going by the rules of the game," she chided.

"Suppose then," said the man seriously, "that we be partners for life and play the game out to the finish."

"I may be only a milkmaid in disguise," she reminded him.

"But if I worship you as queen, then you will be queen. Let me see your face," he begged.

She made a motion as if to lift her mask, but only turned the corner back from her chin. He saw an alluring little dimple.

"I am satisfied now," he told her, "that you are not an imposture, but the real queen of my heart."

"But how do I know that you are the real Jack of Hearts and that you stand next the queen? You may be only a deuce."

"I will show you my hand," he said gravely, spreading his broad palm for her inspection.

"Since I'm the queen, to satisfy myself, that you are the real jack, I must read what the lines say of your past. I have even," she said demurely, "told the fortune of my consort, the king."

She studied the lines closely, but she studied more closely the ring he wore. "You have had a queen before. You loved her and swore eternal allegiance."

"You are reading wrong," he corrected her, "you are the only queen I have."

She did not stop for his interruption. "She was tall and her hair was almost red, her eyes a greenish blue and you knew her a year ago."

He was somewhat uneasy. "I did not know a girl with red hair, the girl I danced with had brown hair with yellow gleams and her eyes were deep hazel."

The girl laughed. The man tried to imagine how the dimple looked under her mask. "You did her a great injustice," said the fortune teller severely.

"I did not wrong the girl," he insisted gravely.

"Perhaps," suggested the Queen of Hearts, "I know more about that than you do. You have admitted that there was another queen."

"Yes," he returned gently, the light all out of his voice, "there was a queen, but after that night at the dance, I could not worship her longer. But," he added with an attempt at lightness, "you see I've found the real queen and she never leaves her throne."

"Your hand says," she was still holding his hand in her own, "that you were a traitor to your sovereign and I could never trust you."

"You would not do as the other did," he said decidedly.

"You change your allegiance too often for a good subject. The lines say," she went on with his fortune, "that you wronged her, but you are going to see her again soon and go back to be a loyal subject. Then, I suppose, there was a catch in her voice, 'you will forget that you promised to sit on the throne with me.'"

"I can not be her loyal subject again because she loved another man," said the Jack of Hearts mournfully.

"Did you know it to be true?" questioned the girl eagerly.

"I saw her kiss the man the night of the dance and she could not deny it." His tone was bitter.

"The lines say, you did not give her a chance to explain."

"Why should I?" said the man, "I saw her kiss him."

"I see by your hand," said the girl sharply, "that she was very unhappy and went away. When you see her, you will be much surprised, but you must ask her to explain. She will tell you who he was."

"I do not care to know." He was very sarcastic.

"There is great happiness for you," she went on, "and an engagement, an embarrassment, and if you wish it a wedding of you and the girl."

"Don't you see yourself in my future?" he teased her.

"I am not reading my own fortune, I am only reading yours."

"You can not be a good fortune-teller, if you do not see yourself. You know you promised to be my partner in the game for life. Let me read your hand and I will tell you what I see."

"Partners," she told him mischievously, "never show their hand and besides if I take off my red gloves, my costume will be spoiled. After the last dance, we are to unmask and then you can read the future."

"I know it without reading the palm," said the man, slipping off his mask to cool his face, "the stars over the water tell me that you and I are to be together forever just as they are."

"I saw in your hand that you made almost the same speech to the girl with red hair, who used to reign as queen."

The man slipped on his mask to hide his embarrassment. "Your powers of reading are certainly very wonderful, but much more remarkable for the past than the future. I can hardly deny that I said it to the other queen."

The Ace and Two Spot strolled by and the Milkmaid from Paris trailed in leaning on the arm of the king. "This set is for the cards alone and I am out of that," said the milkmaid, "but as a special privilege," she spoke to the king, "I'll let you dance this with the queen."

"I have promised, dear king," she said familiarly, "to dance this with the jack. Our costumes go so well together."

"I really would much prefer the milkmaid, you know," said the king with a languishing glance, "but I suppose it can not be. Then the queen is to dance with the jack and the ace has already spoken to the two spot and I," he looked around the room, "will ask the three of diamonds."

The music began, the ace and two spot, the jack and the queen courtesied to each other and floated away.

As the last bar was played, they lifted their masks and bowed low to their partners. The queen of hearts faced the jack. His queen, his queen of the Ocean House was also the queen of hearts. He still thought of the kiss or he would have been very glad. "By the lines that you had in your hand, you should ask the queen a question." She feared he had lost all desire to play out the game.

The king of hearts stood by and while he was there he could not ask the question. He was the man he had seen her kiss at the dance.

"This," said the girl, happy that she saw the reason for his hesitancy, "is my brother, the king of hearts. He is to marry, so he tells me, the milkmaid of Paris."

The new king of hearts was very happy that night as was also the queen.

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Running Upstairs.

English women have taken up as pastime running up and down stairs—the object being principally to see who can get up the most rapidly and make the most noise! In view of the fact that running upstairs has hitherto been considered as bad for the heart, it is rather a revolution to society, although, no doubt, the violent exercise is good for the liver.

The question is: What next? Will sliding down the banister be advocated as a new method of utilizing the parallel bars?

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"Yes, young Westpoint expected to get a commission in a cavalry regiment, but they put him in the marine corps."

"Is that what he's mad about?"

"Yes; he's blue, very blue."

"Ah! sort of ultramarine, eh?"

How to Live Long.

"I think," said the reporter, "that the public would like to know how you managed to live to such a great age." "By perseverance," replied the centenarian. "I jest kept on livin'!"—Philadelphia Ledger.